

Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

A DREAM BESIDE THE SEA.

One night beside the sea I fell asleep and dreamed a dream; Alone aloft within a boat, while brisk winds blew about me, I saw the white-capped surges dance beneath the silver moon. With winds, clear waves, the silvered sky and my own soul in tune; And drifting so and rocking slow there clearly came to me, With meanings and stories true, the voices of the sea.

In its grand chorus came the drowning sailor's last sad wail, Anon the cheery shouts of those who friends in passing hail; The music of a maiden's tones who with her lover sailed, The voice of one who sought the Pole tenacious and true, And there were voices of wives bereaved, of sailor's orphans sad, Of happy pleasure-seeking crowds, and youthful lovers glad.

The stern commands in warlike tones of Vikings known of old, The sturdy hand of Spanish braves who searched the west for gold, The battle shouts of Nelson's men at red Trafalgar heard, The bold defiance which "rose when other straits were barred," The Buccaneer's rousing rattle, the Pirate's deadly cry, The shrieks and moans of battling braves who for their country die.

The sweet Toccata which arose when bold Columbus led, His navigators through new worlds with strong and conquering tread, The hymns which fishermen wove out to guide their husbands home, The shrieks for help from shipwrecked throngs that pierced heaven's arching dome, The sigh of scented breezes drawn through tropic flowers and palms, The murmurs of the coral caves in peaceful eves and calms.

All these and more so long in one grand thunderous sound concealed Came then distinct and clear to me in that bright night revealed, And then I knew the mighty deep in shout, and sob, and laugh, Was but a million memories voiced, a mighty symphony. 'Twas then my soul and senses knew what plainly whispered soft as silk, in anethems full and free, That all these garnered sounds made up the music of the sea.

EDGAR JONES.

Mr. Jobson's Generosity

Down by the Seaside.

ABOUT ten o'clock the other night Mr. Jobson strolled from his hotel down to the board walk for a final cigar and breath of sea breeze. On one of the piers he ran into a somewhat "sporty" young Washington man of his acquaintance, sitting alone at one of the tables.

"Howdy, Jobson," said the young Washington man. "Ever make the acquaintance of Miss Mamie Taylor?"

"Miss Mamie Taylor?" repeated Jobson, looking around with a mystified expression. "Who's she? Where is she?"

The young man grinned and pointed to the long thin glass in front of him on the table.

"The new summer girl," said he. "Best hot weather drink that's been sprung in a hundred years. Never got up against 'em? Have one?"

"Why, that's the drink I've been reading so much about in the papers lately," said Mr. Jobson. "How is it, heady?"

"Not at all," said the young Washington man. "Just gives you a little bit of a jolt, that's all. Take a couple of 'em, and you can throw your head back and listen to the music. Great things, Mamie Taylors. Try one and see how you like it."

"Believe I will," said Mr. Jobson, sitting down at the table, and a few minutes later he was introducing Mamie Taylor into his system with every evidence of approval and enjoyment.

"Pretty neat, eh?" said the young Washington man, looking at Mr. Jobson. "Need about four of those to get the right clutch, as it were."

"This'll be on me," said Mr. Jobson, beckoning the waiter, and in a short time he was getting on absorbing terms with Mamie Taylor No. 2.

From then on until about one o'clock in the morning it was one continual procession of Mamie Taylors, and when Mr. Jobson rose up and started back for his hotel he was so replete with sentiment and Mamie Taylor that he felt he had been shamefully neglected of Mrs. Jobson. His utterance was not particularly distinct when he got to his room, so find Mrs. Jobson sitting at a window in a kimono, waiting for him; but what he lacked in a clearness of enunciation he atoned for in the breadth of his generosity and his deep-seated remorsefulness over the past.

"Did it keep it little girl waiting all alone, and afraid of the burglars, until all hours of the night?" said Mr. Jobson, turning up the light and smiling elegantly. "And isn't it a shame, common loafer to stay out until—"

Mrs. Jobson smiled good-naturedly. "Why, I don't mind your going out alone for what men call a 'good time' once in awhile, my dear," she said amiably. "In fact, I think it does the average man good occasionally to—"

"Say, you're a four-ply, triple-expansion, double-distilled jewel of the first water, that's what you are," broke in Mr. Jobson, "and, I tell you what, it makes me sore to think how crazy I am to you sometimes. It does, for a fact. I'm an old, sour-natured crank, that's what I am, and—"

"Now, now," interrupted Mrs. Jobson, "you're nothing of the sort, and I won't sit here and listen to you abuse yourself. You're just as good as you can be, and—"

"No'm not—not by a blessed sight, am I," put in Mr. Jobson. "Don't you dare tell me I'm anything else but a bear and a mean tempered old reprobate—I know it, and there's no use in your trying to tell me I'm all right just to make me feel good. I'm—"

"Oh, you get a little nervous once in awhile, like other men," said Mrs. Jobson, "but you're thoughtful and kind and—"

"I wish I was, but I ain't anything of the sort," insisted Mr. Jobson, "I'm a regular peevish old cuss, and I've been getting into a rut of late years in my way of treating you, and I'm

going to get you out of that, and that's all there is about it. It all came to me to-night that it's not the real thing for me to blow you up and yell at you and raise the dickens around when any little thing happens to go wrong, and I made up my mind to stop all that sort of thing forever. I'm just going to turn over a new leaf in a whole lot of ways, that's what I'm going to do. In the first place, I don't believe you're as well dressed as the wives of a lot of Washington fellows down here who don't make any better incomes than I do, and I'm going to start right in to-morrow to get you fixed up. Just hand me that pencil and pad, and I'll take down a list of the things you want—don't make any difference whether you really need 'em or not—and to-morrow morning you can get on a train and run over to Philadelphia and buy the whole outfit."

"But I can get along very well with what I have," said Mrs. Jobson. "Of course, I did want a new foulard this summer, instead of having my last summer's foulard made over, but—"

"Well, you're going to have the finest thing in the way of a foulard that can be bought for money to-morrow," interrupted Mr. Jobson, putting down in large, uncertain characters, "Foulard Dress" on the pad. "Just you buy the goods, and the best they've got, and get it made up, that's all. And I saw Mrs. Ellstreet, who belongs to the same guild as you do in Washington, on the board walk to-night with a gray tailor-made dress that was a beauty, and you're going to have a better one than that, just as soon as it can be bought, and that's all."

"Well," said Mrs. Jobson, with a finger at her lip, "I was rather anxious for a new tailor-made suit to wear on cool evenings down here, but—"

"But I was such a mean, stingy old scoundrel that you were afraid to ask for it, that's all," interrupted Mr. Jobson, making the note, "Gray Tailor-Made Dress," on the pad. "But, henceforth and forever, you needn't be afraid to ask for anything that I'm able to buy for you. By the way, what kind of a hat was that you pointed out to me on the board walk the other morning and said you liked so?"

"Oh, that shepherdess hat," put in Mrs. Jobson. "I did want to get one of those before we left Washington, but there were so many other little things that I needed more than that I—"

"Well, I'd just like to see the shape and color of the shepherdess hat that you can't buy for yourself to-morrow, that's all," broke in Mr. Jobson. "I tell you what, I hate to think of what a close old screw I've been for the last few years. I'll just put 'shepherdess hat' down here, and I want you to see that you get a good one. By the way, I notice that a lot of swell women down here are wearing those becoming long-tailed dresses, with long chains around their necks, and I want you to get one of 'em—they set a woman off immensely. Just you pick out one that you like when you are making the rounds in Philadelphia to-morrow, and—"

"You are so good!" exclaimed Mrs. Jobson, moved almost to tears over Mr. Jobson's sudden accession of generosity. "I have been wanting—"

"Well, whatever you want in the future you're going to get, that's all," said Mr. Jobson, thickly, but determinedly. "Haven't you helped to build me up all these years? Haven't you been right at my side through all my struggles? Haven't you—"

A tremendous yawn broke off Mr. Jobson's sentence, and it was plain that he was very sleepy.

"There's no need of my putting all the rest of the things down," said he, getting to his feet and making ready for bed. "Just you start out the first thing in the morning and get everything you want, and if you ever hear another word out of me about extravagance, then I'll be talking it in my sleep, that's all."

Mr. Jobson got up soon after dawn on the following morning to touch the button for a pitcher of ice water, and Mrs. Jobson woke up at the same time. In walking around the room, with one hand to his head, Mr. Jobson caught sight of the list he had made out on his return from his initial Mamie Taylor sitting lying face up on the bureau. He picked it up and looked at it as if it were an Egyptian papyrus.

"What's all this?" he asked Mrs. Jobson.

"Why," said Mrs. Jobson, "that's the list of things you made out for me to buy in Philadelphia to-day—don't you remember?"

Mr. Jobson looked over the list carefully, turned it upside down and studied it so that that he could see it out at arm's length to see how it appeared at a distance and then regarded Mrs. Jobson sternly.

"Madam," said he, in a deep, sepulchral tone, "I'm not a man to complain over trifles, and no man'll stand more at the hands of a wife than I will. But when you do such an unscrupulous thing as to put some kind of a senseless, stupid, and disgusting list of things to buy into the hands of a man, I'm more than a rebel, Mrs. Jobson, and I rebel hard!"

—Washington Star.

Keeps Young Men at Home. The free rural mail delivery service is now being established in the vicinity of Denver, and the government agent in charge reports that it is increasing the value of land along the way five dollars an acre. It is more keeping the young men at home.

A Bovine Flavour. Mrs. Grogan—O! believe in givin' 'tis fer fat.

Mr. Hogan—Shure, Mrs. Grogan, ye talk loike a cow.—Judge.

NOTES FROM WASHINGTON

Fresh Items of Interest from the Political Center of the United States.

SHORTCOMINGS OF THE ADMINISTRATION

Cubans Visit the Capital and Complain of the Administration—Unpopularity of the Industrial Commission—Roosevelt's Apology—Spoils in Sight.

[Special Correspondence.]

The president came all the way from Canton to Washington to welcome the Cuban school-teachers who have been visiting in this country.

Many of these teachers are men. They were brought here at considerable expense in order to impress them favorably with the institutions of this country and the way government is administered by President McKinley.

It was another republican disappointment. The Cuban visitors are enthusiastic democrats, and do not hesitate to say that the McKinley administration has failed to keep its solemn pledges made to Cuba.

The Cuban teachers attended a white house reception and were permitted to shake the hand of Imperialist William, but not a word of commendation could be extracted from them in regard to the administration's management in Cuba.

"The resources of our beautiful island have been drained to pay a lot of American officials who are more haughty and insolent than our former Spanish masters," said one Cuban.

"Our island is a desert. The people are too poor to go into farming or manufacturing for themselves, and there is no encouragement for the investment of outside capital. We have had enough of McKinleyism. The Cubans hope to see Bryan elected. He will carry out more good faith the pledges made by the United States."

"Our people would not have been so bitter against McKinley," continued this Cuban, a man of high intelligence and fine culture, "if he had shown any disposition to investigate the postal frauds and punish the offenders. But what has been done? The committee appointed by the senate contents itself by calling on the war department for a detailed account of all disbursements and then adjourns to meet at the call of the chairman. There is no indication that the war department is preparing any such report. It is clear that the postal scandals are not to be investigated before election."

A New York and London correspondent is living in luxury in Havana. Things of this sort make the Cubans discontented. We put our trust in the United States, and its chief executive makes no move to protect us when we are robbed by his servants."

This criticism is just, but it is not what the administration expected when it took such trouble to welcome the Cuban teachers to Washington.

Unpopular with Labor. The industrial commission is beginning to realize that it is not popular with organized labor. The commission sent an agent from Washington to interview the Central Labor union of New York about wages and conditions of employment. The agent was met by a flat refusal to give any information which might, and probably would, be used to the disadvantage of organized labor. The representatives of the various unions called attention to the editing of testimony by the commission and its attempt to justify the atrocities of the Pullman strike. Secretary Wilson, the head of the commission, made himself conspicuous by his opposition to the eight-hour bill in congress.

The carefully edited reports of the industrial commission are being sent out by the republican campaign managers with a view to convincing the working people that the industrial situation was gathered by persons friendly to their interests. It will not do. Wage-workers have known for more than a year that the industrial commission, like the bureau of statistics and the census, is only an adjunct to the republican national committee. Its reports are neither impartial nor accurate.

Roosevelt's Apology. Roosevelt has been made to understand by Boss Hanna that his St. Paul speech was very hurtful to the republicans. His wholesale denunciation of the democrats stirred up even Gen. Palmer, candidate of the gold democratic ticket. Gen. Palmer objected to being labeled as one of a class who "stand for lawlessness and disorder, for dishonesty and dishonest, for license and disaster at home and cowardly shrinking from duty abroad."

So Roosevelt takes the opportunity to make a most humble apology. He cuts his own words with the weak explanation that they were only intended for the class of democrats who constructed and stood upon the Kansas City platform.

Well, that's the only kind of democrats there are now. The gold democrats could rally round and hold even the shadow of a convention and make a nomination. So Roosevelt's attempt at apology placates no one and estranges some, like Palmer, who would have voted for McKinley. It is to be hoped that Hanna will turn Roosevelt loose soon. He will make democratic votes everywhere he goes. His truculent style of abuse will also add to the republican stay-at-home vote. There are thousands of republicans who will refuse to aid in the attempt to put Roosevelt into any position of prominence. To be sure, the vice presidency carries with it no very onerous duties, but the incumbent should be a man of experience, dignity and sound judgment. Roosevelt is none of these.

Looking Out for Spoils. It would seem that if the allied forces can get the members of the legations back to the coast in safety our mission in China would be ended. There is doubt on this point, as the Chinese city of walls within walls. To enter the outer walls is to walk into a trap. That is where the allied forces are now. It is to be hoped that they will leave the city in safety, taking our minister and citizens with them.

The administration is now trying to figure out some indemnity for our losses. It is pretty clear that the foreign powers, while declaring that they do not intend to partition the empire, will yet make their demands for indemnity so high that the Chinese cannot pay them. The next step will be to take the government in hand under pretense of overseeing the revenues until the indemnity is paid. When the powers let go there won't be enough left of China to partition.

It will be a wonder if McKinley manages to keep out of this complication. Everything indicates that he is going in for it. It is lucky that election day is so near that his capacity for getting this country into difficulties will be limited.

ADOLPH PATTERSON.

WHAT HE COULD DO.

A Republican Question Answered in a Way That Permits of No Argument.

"What could Bryan do to end the Philippine insurrection more than McKinley is doing?" is frequently asked in for it. It is lucky that election day is so near that his capacity for getting this country into difficulties will be limited.

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BRYAN ON THE STUMP.

The Democratic Presidential Candidate Begins a Series of Speeches in Nebraska.

TRYING TO RECOVER HIS OLD DISTRICT.

He Charges the Government with Deceit in All Its Policies and with the Intention of Fastening a National Debt Upon the Necks of the People.

Auburn, Neb., Aug. 23.—W. J. Bryan made the first speech here of a series scheduled for the day in the First congressional district of Nebraska. The meeting was held in the courthouse grounds, and in spite of a light rain which was falling, a good crowd was present. The First congressional district was represented by Mr. Bryan in congress and has, since his retirement, been represented by a republican member.

A Plea for Berge's Election. Mr. Bryan made a plea for the election of Hon. G. W. Berger, the democratic candidate for congress. Following this, he made an appeal for the support of the whole democratic ticket, comparing the government to a corporation. He said all citizens were stockholders, as such they owed it to themselves to look well after the conduct of the directors of the corporation.

Charges of Republican Deceit. He charged the republican administration, the government directors, with deceit in all its policies. This deception had, he said, been practiced in regard to the financial system, the trusts, and the foreign policy of the country. He charged the republican party with the intention of fastening a national debt upon the people.

Enlargement of the Army. He devoted himself especially to the enlargement of the army, saying that if "we could take the Philippine islands, we could subject any weak people." The republican party was building its policy upon the plea that "might makes right." They were asserting that the financial question was this year the paramount issue only because the republican party regarded the dollar of more consequence than the man.

Liberty a God-Given Right. He dwelt upon liberty as a God-given right, saying the Philippines were as much entitled to it as we are. In promising them a good government we are only promising what kings promised under similar circumstances. We have, he asserted, no title to the Philippine islands according to the Declaration of Independence.

Spain Had No Title. In the first place Spain had no title, and, in the second place, we can not buy people nor was it any more profitable than wise to wage foreign conquest. Already more had been spent in the way of treasure in the Philippines, to say nothing of blood than the profits of trade with those islands for many years would amount to.

The Spirit of Militarism. "The same spirit that carries you to the Philippine islands will lead you into some other places, and make you hold their people, and make them subjects against their will. The same spirit of militarism and imperialism that carried you to the Philippine islands will carry you wherever you can find a people weak enough to be whipped by the United States. The doctrine of imperialism is the doctrine which takes people under the pretense that you are taking them for their good, and you reach your hands in their pockets and rob them, while you are taking them."

As to Flag Furling. "Republicans, your papers tell you that the Filipinos are savages. You dare not say it, because you do not arm savages and turn them out to fight people. They say we can not haul down the flag in the Philippines once it is raised there. Even this administration does not find any trouble or difficulty in hauling down the flag in Alaska."

What the Flag Represents. "I suppose you contend that in a cold climate you can haul it down but that you can not in a hot climate. The American flag represents the purpose of the American people. No body can haul our flag down against our will. But the American people have the right to put it up where they want it, and to take it down where they desire. The flag is the servant of the nation, the people are not the servants of the flag."

How About Peking? "If that is true, how are you going to bring the American troops back from Peking? They planted the American flag there. I want the American flag to come down from the Philippine islands in order that the flag of a republic might rise in its place. I would rather that we have two flags representing two republics, than one representing an empire."

Acquitted, but Thought to be Guilty. Havana, Aug. 23.—All the persons accused of complicity in the Havana customhouse frauds were acquitted yesterday. The president of the court—consisting of three judges—has inserted in the decision a clause to the effect that he thinks four of the accused are guilty, and these may be taken before the supreme court. The decision holds with regard to inaccurate appraisement, that it is impossible to prove that goods have been wrongly appraised where the goods can not be brought into court.

Capt. John Wall Wilson. New York, Aug. 23.—Capt. John Wall Wilson, who was one of the two survivors of the second Grinnell Arctic expedition, is dead at St. John's hospital, Brooklyn, from the effects of an operation for appendicitis, performed eight months ago.

Burned by Rebels. Yokohama, Aug. 23.—An official dispatch from Corea says that a thousand rebels have attacked Song Ching, burning the government buildings located there.

The Currency Question.

THE CRIME OF 1900.

Bill to Alter Mint and Currency Laws a Menace to Every Interest of the Government.

Who shall control the issuance and retirement of money? Shall it be the government, which is American; or the banks, which are largely owned in England; or the speculators of Wall street, who may with no impropriety be termed cosmopolitan nationality?

Which of these authorities or bodies shall have the power to control the volume of money in this country? This is not a party question. It is a question of vital importance to the nation and to the myriads of industries covered by its flag.

The volume of money is the measure of prices. The whole sum of money and its substitutes for money, when multiplied by their various rates of activity, must and does exactly equal the whole sum of exchange, or purchases and sales, during any given interval of time. One is the measure of the other.

The act of 1900 declares that the unit of money shall be a certain piece of gold which it describes. This is a physical impossibility. The unit of money is not and cannot be any one piece of money, whether of gold, silver or paper; it is the whole sum of money multiplied by its frequency of use and use. As this the crux of all monetary questions, it needs some elaboration.

The United States treasury department reports that the sum of coins and paper notes which constitutes the circulation of this country amounts to about \$2,000,000,000. Though I believe this to be an exaggeration, I will accept it for the purposes of illustration. These coins and notes, as determined by numerous observations, are used in payments, about 40 times a year. Therefore, if considered by itself, the currency would, at present prices, represent exchanges amounting to 50 times \$2,000,000,000, or in other words \$100,000,000,000. In addition to coins and notes, there is used for the purposes of exchange a sum of credits represented by bank checks and other orders for, or promises of, money, which amounts to 20 times as much as the total currency, but which nevertheless circulates 20 times slower.

To exhibit one part of this fact and conceal the other is the stock device of bankers. "The volume of money is unimportant (they cry). The much superior function discharged by checks, bills, promissory notes, or book credits combined. Without going further into detail the general result is this: that in this country coins and notes effect only one hundred thousand millions of exchanges, whilst credits effect another one hundred thousand millions, making altogether two hundred thousand millions of exchanges per annum at present prices."

This sum represents two things—it represents the entire annual balance of trade at present prices; it also represents the entire volume of money and credits multiplied by the various ratios of activity of its component parts. One is the complementary and the necessary complement of the other. If the money is withdrawn from circulation or the credits fail, one of two results must follow: either the exchanges will diminish in number and trade will languish, or else prices will fall, until the combined sum of transactions in time exactly fits the combined sum of money and credits when multiplied by their respective ratios of activity.

The inevitable consequence of these conditions is that whoever controls the circulation, controls prices, controls trade, controls production and consumption, controls the value of securities, the value of real estate (both farm lands and city lots), controls wages, controls the purchasing power of salaries, of pensions, of incomes from securities or property, in short, he controls the entire industrial affairs of the country; and through these he also largely controls its administrative policy and its foreign relations. He becomes the supreme arbiter of its destinies.

The act of 1900 takes what remains of such control out of the hands of the government to confer it upon the banks; and as the banks are largely owned in Wall street, which in turn is largely controlled by the English Lombard street, this bill virtually bestows the management of our monetary system upon a body of foreigners, who will inevitably employ it to alternately stimulate and destroy the industry of this country, so as to extract from it the last effort of enterprise and the last dollar from bankruptcy. I repeat, that the bill confers the virtual control of the currency upon the banks and bankers.

This tremendous power has been placed substantially in the hands of a few banks and largely in the hands of one bank. If a similar monopoly and control of the currency has not been attended with evil consequences in England, it is because the trade of that country is largely with foreign states that is transacted mainly by bills of exchange, which is not the case with our trade. There are many other considerations touching this subject which cannot be gone into here. For example, the crown, through its prerogative to confer titles of nobility, retains the power, which it continually exercises, to draw from the overgrown hand of usury a portion of its gain, and bestow them upon public improvements, enterprises and charities. We have here no title to sell and no royal fund in which to deposit the price. The British system of money does not fit our affairs and the act of 1900, which foists that system upon us, can only end in disaster.

As a banking scheme it has been promoted largely through the influence of our secretary of the treasury. Next to the office of sovereign pontiff, or the Augustus Caesar of the Roman empire, the secretaryship of the American treasury is the most powerful and important public office ever created by man. Mr. Hamilton, who was the author of it, had it all his own way; and in it he emptied a large portion of all the powers and functions of this great government. None but a colossus can fill this office. During the past half century—that is to say, since Mr. Guthrie's incumbency—it has been filled chiefly by inexperienced men. Many of them were men of good intentions, honest, zealous and hard-working; but, with the exception of Mr. Chase, none of them were competent to understand, much less to manage, the tremendous engine which Hamilton's ambition had subjected to their hands. For example, the account books of the United States are not kept by a public clerk, but by single entry. There is no "stock account," no "balance account," no correspondence between the accounts of the various departments, no adequate means of preventing fraud or detecting dishonesty.

The treasury is a vast chaos, filled with grasping politicians, who corrupt and destroy all who disturb their operations; unless he happens to be a man of transcendent firmness and ability, thoroughly acquainted with the history and regulations of the treasury, its subordinate officers simply force the new secretary into a corner, where his whole time is absorbed by the three functions: the consideration of appointments to offices, the perfunctory signing of warrants on the treasurer and the preparation of his annual report. No time remains for the consideration of the interests of the people.

Such is the position of the present incumbent. His views concerning money are those of the banks and bankers who constitute the money trust. His attempt to put the money of the treasury into circulation by thrusting it into the vaults of a private bank, is that of a tyro. It has been charged that he is playing into the hands of the money trust. Little men, like some who could be named, may have been content to relinquish their high and honorable offices in the treasury for the sake of the increased reward of serving a private bank; but I cannot believe that the present secretary is actuated by any such motive. He is simply helpless. The bankers play and he dances. Meanwhile, the interests, the opportunities and it may be also the liberties of the country, are steadily passing away into private hands, perhaps never to be recovered.

Is there any rift in this cloud; is there any balm in Gilead; is there any way out of this deplorable state of affairs? I see but one. It is the election of a congress and a president, I care not of what party, who will resolutely undo the bad work of the past years, cast off the shackles which have been imposed on the nation by avid corporations, liberate the currency from the control of the banks and restore the royal prerogative of money to its only proper custodian, the government. Nature has endowed this country with advantages which, with man's assistance, would have enabled it to control the markets of the world. The money trust, by forcing upon the country a foreign system of money, has deprived it of these advantages and made it the slave rather than the arbiter of the world's markets. Already has the price of our wheat been made to hang upon the event of a battle in South Africa.